

T H E
PORCUPINE
JANUARY 1906



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FOURTH STREET AND HINTON AVENUE

The Porcupine



J A N U A R Y 1 9 0 6

The Porcupine

VOL. XII.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., JANUARY, 1906

NO. 5

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

That Wonderful Cake.

We were to have a great family re-union that twenty-second of February, and Nell, Tommy and I went over to grandmother's early in the week to help prepare for the festivities.

"The most important thing of all," said our only bachelor uncle, John, as he drove us home from the station, "is to be the Alderly cake. Mother wrote down every ingredient for me and read them over twice so I'd be sure and not forget one."

"I know about that cake," chimed in Nell. "We've heard about it ever since we were little tots, and we've tasted pieces sent to us, but now we'll get to see the real, big cake. Won't that be grand," and she gave Tommy such an estatic hug that he almost screamed.

"It's a family secret, that cake," continued Uncle John, unmindful of Nell's interruption, "Nobody but an Alderly ever made it, and no Alderly, before, ever made it as good as mother can."

"But grandma couldn't have been an Alderly before she married grandpa," said Nell, wisely, "so how did she find out the recipe?"

"Don't ask impertinent questions, Nell," said I, using an elder sister's authority; besides, I was not sure how much one might dare to impose on this grave looking uncle.

But he didn't mind in the least, and smiling at Nell,

said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Didn't you know, little Miss Wisdom, that your grandparents were cousins?"

"Oh," gasped Nell, "and that made grandma an Alderly, didn't it."

We were all quiet the rest of the way and finally we drew up before the great gate of the old home-place, where, without waiting for assistance, we jumped out of the high, spring wagon and rushed up the walk to greet the dear old lady who was standing in the doorway. This was our first visit so we spent the remainder of the day exploring the old haunts where our mother and numerous aunts and uncles spent their childhood; but the next morning bright and early, and arrayed in checked aprons, Nell and I assisted in the making of the Alderly cake. Grandma bustled about the kitchen like a girl of twenty with a bright red spot in either cheek, while Tommy stood and looked on, wide-eyed and silent as usual.

The cake was a great success and it came out of the oven, baked to a beautiful, golden brown. "It never turned out better, but once," said grandma, as she spread the last touch of pink and white icing. "That was when your ma was married, but this is nearly as good."

"It couldn't be better," cried Nell, dancing about the room, in her tomboyish manner. "It just couldn't. I tell you, Tommy," pinching his chin, greatly to the little fellow's annoyance, "I believe the witches will come and dance around that cake tonight. I truly do."

"I'll just put this in the oven for a minute now," said grandma, laughing at Nell's gaiety. "You girls can go and straighten up the front parlor, and Tommy, you'd better go out and play."

We all turned away at this and all would have gone on well, if Nell hadn't caught her foot in the bear-skin rug and upset the center table. A big, glass vase fell to the floor with a crash and grandma, hearing the noise, rushed into the parlor. She didn't say a word but we

could see that she was terribly vexed and it was a very grave little trio that picked up the splintered remains of the vase. We spent several moments thus when, suddenly, grandma remembered her cake, and left us.

We heard the oven door click and then, "Girls, girls! The cake. It's gone." Had she lost her senses! Was the destruction of the vase enough to unbalance her! Such thoughts surged through my mind as we hurried to the kitchen, for how could a cake just simply disappear. But it was too true. It was gone, our beautiful cake, and no suspicious looking tramp lurking around the corner. there was no one far or near, who could have taken it,

Nell sank into a chair, weeping convulsively and declaring that nobody but a witch could have taken a cake right out of the oven without opening the door, and I, blundering as usual, suggested that we immediately proceed to make another.

"Another," cried grandma, almost fiercely, "I never had to make two Alderly cakes at one time before, never, and I'll not do it now. That cake's gone and we'll just do without it; that's all," and she rushed into the parlor, and began to sweep the already spotless carpet, energetically.

Nell and I followed, meekly. "Girls," said grandma, when she saw us, "Don't you ever mention that cake to me. You can tell John, and then I won't have a word spoken about it, not a word."

We nodded, submissively, and so the ill-fated cake was not mentioned again, although we couldn't forbid our thoughts to stray to it quite often. The next day was the 22nd and everything else proceeded as well as possible. Nell and I displayed our artistic ability in arranging the tables beautifully. But we couldn't put anything where the cake was to have been. We tried flowers, but even that wouldn't do, so we left the spot vacant and regretted that the days of fairies were over so that we might hope that our cake would appear by magic.

Finally, the folks began to come, a merry crowd of cousins and aunts and uncles, and everything else was forgotten in the pleasant excitement of meeting and greeting one another. Grandma managed to steal away to the kitchen to give a last touch to the turkey, but after a few moments they were upon her there.

"Ma," said Aunt Jean, "the cake is a beauty. It reminds me of old times. You're just as good a cook as ever."

The smile faded from grandma's face and for the first time I saw her lips quiver, but just for a moment, for one after another, the girls came in remarking about that lovely cake, while grandma, Nell and I, stood looking at one another in speechless amazement.

"The cake isn't there," I gasped at last, and then, I don't know what impelled me but I just rushed past everybody into the dinning room and there, in the center of the table stood that wonderful cake, all unharmed except for a tiny piece of icing broken off from one side. I could hardly believe my eyes, but Nell and grandma had followed me and they saw it, too.

Really, we showed remarkable presence of mind, for we all just laughed and no one in the crowd has ever found out, to this day, that our cake was gone for a day and a night, although Aunt Jean did say that we acted awfully queer about it.

Well, the disappearance of the cake is still a mystery to Nell and grandma and they don't care to know about it as long as it came back in time so as not to spoil the dinner; but I had my suspicions, so the next time I saw Tommy alone, I got the truth out of him by means of promises and threats, and after a great deal of coaxing on my part, he confessed, sobbing as though his heart was broken, "Nell said—she said that—that the witches would dance around the cake at night, and—and I hid it in my room and stayed awake all night to see them, and I never saw a single one."

“One Good Turn Deserves Another.”

“I am sorry, Miss Nolan, but I could not consent to such an arrangement. You are aware that a certain amount of responsibility rests upon each member of the staff.”

“I was thinking,” said Miss Nolan, her blue eyes filling with tears as she glanced at the stern old editor who was even now perusing the contents of a manuscript, “that, perhaps, under the circumstances, you would consent. I do not wish to shirk my duties; it is on my brother’s account that I would be excused next Tuesday. He has been at sea for a year and a half, and writes that he will be able to spend one day with us before starting upon another long voyage from which he may never return.”

At that moment, Mr. Eversham tore in two one sheet of the manuscript on the desk before him. He then glanced at the young woman at his side. She was very shabbily attired, and something in the quaint hood and old fashioned shawl which she always wore aroused him to intense pity. However, he summoned all his will-power to the occasion. He spoke of the prospects of future prosperity which constant labor made possible, and the moneyed realm of labor whose necessity none disputed, but these bits of worldly wisdom did not tend to hush the inner voice which bade him be kind.

“I do not wish to shirk my duties,” she said, not curtly, but sadly, “I understand, however, that your words imply refusal. Good evening.”

“Good evening,” he replied.

* * * * *

Mrs. Eversham drew aside the heavy curtains which shaded the windows of her cozy drawing room, and gazed upon the lighted street. She then settled herself in a comfortable arm-chair and idly turned the pages of

a magazine. "Jessie," she said, "was this 'Wanderer' good?"

"Yes, mother," cried a fair-haired girl appearing in the doorway, "Lydia Nolan is the authoress, and you would actually believe that she had once influenced a wandering brother or friend, for she describes his return to virtue so vividly. I really lived amid the scenes of the story while reading it, and, mother, dear, I quite determined to take a greater interest in my brother Tom's affairs. You know Tom is falling into bad ways." This last was uttered in a low, sad tone.

"Yes," said the mother tearfully. "And your father, too, will be gratified to learn of this new resolve, and will aid you as far as possible. Hark, I hear foot steps. Run, dear, to the door."

Jessie obeyed, and a moment later an elderly man entered the room. It was Mr. Eversham. He appeared to have left all cares at his office, and his genial countenance quite dispelled thoughts of gloom. Jessie settled herself to study, and Mrs. Eversham further discussed the "Wanderer," which she declared promised great things for its author. "And husband," she continued, "Jessie has been spurred to a brave determination concerning her brother Tom. She hopes to convince him of his error, not by precept but by example, by the very purity of her own life. What a blessing it would be should she succeed. A sister's influence is more precious than gold or silver; its value cannot be estimated in coin. It should not be regarded lightly."

Mr. Eversham started. He remembered Miss Nolan. How selfish his conduct had been. Truly, he had estimated the value of Miss Nolan's influence in coin. He recalled his worldly conversation with a feeling of guilt.

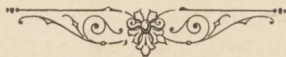
The next day, Miss Nolan received a note from Mr. Eversham. She read the following words with great joy:

"You may be excused from your duties at my office not

only Tuesday, but the whole of next week. Such is the reward of faithfulness. When you return, I shall raise your salary. Your "Wanderer" certainly promises great things. Continue to write and to improve your ability, but this week especially, exert your influence in your brother's behalf."

While Mr. Eversham had been writing these few lines, Tom had returned home. He had been welcomed with great fervor by his sister Jessie, and had seized the opportunity to draw her aside and whisper, "I have given up my evil companions. This change has been wrought by a sailor lad, who won my confidence, my admiration, and my respect at once. He, Harry Nolan, is going home for a week's stay with his mother and sister, who, however, do not expect him until Tuesday. How joyfully surprised they will be!"

The name had conveyed to Jessie Eversham more knowledge than her brother supposed. A. P.



By a Lover of the Sea.

The last ray of the setting sun had slowly receded into the vanishing glow of evening. The vessel rolled quietly to and fro in the waning light, the powerful engines driving her with a tremor, into the billows, which ever rose at her bow. Looking over the rail, it seemed as if one were swinging silently above a vast yawning pit into which one was about to be hurled at each lurch of the vessel's hull. Yet there was a soothing thrilling sensation as this great ship rocked in the night air, cool, refreshing, and free from the dust of cities. It seemed that, under the dome of the sky, with nothing but the dull deep blue of the sea on every hand and stretching into the infinite, the vessel must be lost, must toss about in a baffled attempt to find some guide. Even the forward lunging of the vessel seemed in itself to speak the hopelessness of the task. Yet she steadily plowed her way into the west, pursuing the sun, as it were, like one fearful to be left so alone in the night.

With the change of watch, which had taken place shortly before nightfall, the red and green lights had been placed on the vessel's sides and the clear peak light at the masthead, sent out a warning beam that stranger craft might know of our approach, though it seemed that it would be strange to meet so far out upon the ocean. As I stood, I heard the officer of the bridge grumble a few inaudible words of instruction to the chief at the wheel as he passed by the open window of the pilot house.

From where I stood beside the forward companion-way, I could dimly see the man at the wheel outlined in the glow of the binnacle light. It was an impressive scene and one long to be remembered. The ship, being a freighter bound for Signapore, there was none of the clamor and commotion customary aboard passenger-

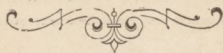
craft. The black outline of bridge and cabins, with here there was a gleam of light flashing from port or window, the darker outline of the funnels belching forth a cloud of smoke, the spars, the rigging, all made a striking silhouette against the blue black sky. The moon had not yet risen and it was one of those radiantly starry nights peculiar to the semi-tropics. One could not see where sky and water parted. No sound, save the swashing of the water on the vessel's sides, broke the stillness and this lent a lulling finish to the scene, making one forget all but the harmony of a perfect night, forcing upon one an overwhelming sense of the might and vastness of the ocean, where man with his mightiest creations is, after all, but a mere speck upon the waters. It is at such a time as this, alone, with nature all in evidence, that the insignificance of man comes home to one. The rush and hum of life is left behind. The soul of man stands alone before God and sees, as it never can be save when far from the greedy passions of life, the true spirit that moves the universe.

It was some hours later. I had gone to my room and lay dosing in my bunk, when I was aroused by the sound of voices on deck overhead. Some one was speaking through a megaphone to the watchman forward, then there came a faint halloo and it dawned upon me that we were speaking some ship. Curious to see what sort of stranger we had met, I hurriedly dressed and went on deck. I may say, that the sight I saw, was one that few people who do not follow the sea ever have the privilege of viewing.

The moon had risen, topping every wave and ripple with a flashing crest of silver, as if a million fires were dancing on the water. Coming towards us and slightly off our starboard bow, was a full rigged bark, with every stitch of canvas set, to catch the light westerly winds. She was indeed a sight worth seeing. Almost from the

waters edge rose the white clouds of her bellied sails, rising up, up, until it seemed that they must pierce the vaulted heavens, and full in their midst shown her white fore-light.

From her low bows ran back a flood of spray glistening in the moonlight, and above her decks were the dull red and green which the international agreement requires that all ships must carry at night. With a graceful sweep, she went around us, and on to the eastward. Then was a light in her cabin, but otherwise we could see no life aboard her, though she answered when we spoke her. She was a British East Indiaman from Bombay to San Francisco. We gave her our latitude, requesting that we be reported, and she slipped off astern of us, her towering canvas growing less and less distinct until she finally vanished into the night, leaving us once more tossing alone upon the deep.




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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.


The beginning of a new year reminds us that our school year is fast approaching its close and that two of our principal contests, the literary and debating contests, are due to occur at no far distant date. The annual debate has proved to be of increasing interest and profit each successive year, and we believe that the coming debate will not be an exception to this rule.

Heretofore no reward has been offered for literary work, but the class of June '05 remedied this deficiency by presenting to the school a handsome silver cup to be engraved with the name of the person who produces the best story, essay or poem, as the case may be. The candidates for this honor are to be chosen from those

who assist, by their writing, in the production of the Porcupine, and from those whose work in English is deemed by their teachers to be the best.

The contest promises to be one of much interest. A large number of students are trying for the team and it will be a somewhat difficult matter to choose the five who are really the best qualified. Those who are thinking of trying to make the team, whether this year or some other year, should begin to work at once, as practice is one of the essential things in the production of good literary work.

The management takes pleasure in placing LeRoy Ripley upon the staff. The covers of the November and December issues are the productions of his pen and also some of the drawings which appeared in the Football and Basketball issue. We take this means of expressing our thanks and appreciation for his earnest efforts.



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Only a Trifle.

There had been a difference of opinion between them. They had quarreled and both had been far too obstinate to acknowledge that the other was in the right. It was only a slight affair after all, but was one of those quarrels which although trifling, often lead to the estrangement of two lives that might otherwise have been happily united.

In a blissful moment not many days before, these two had pledged undying affection for each other and had shyly and hopefully spoken of a future marriage. But now all was changed.

The road over which they were passing wound in and out of the woods. They had been members of a merry party of nut gatherers, and becoming separated from their friends, were leisurely sauntering homeward. It was autumn, the only sound to be heard as these lovers passed along was the rustling of the dry leaves under their feet. A cloud was obscuring the heavens, as if the sun were frowning at the seemingly foolish quarrel of human beings. Such fair lovers they were; he with his bright, boyish face and dark, curly locks; she with sunny ringlets, some of which escaped from the comb and hung coquettishly around her fair face.

The silence was growing almost unbearable. Here and there as they passed some familiar spot or some object often noticed by them in happy moments, each almost forgot his or her grievance for the time and would have broken the silence if not suddenly recalled to their present unhappy-state of mind.

Thus they went on, he stealing a glance now and then at his fair companion to see if she showed any sign of relenting, and she casting shy glances at the boyish face to see if the owner was still obstinate.

Finally, after the long strain of pent-up emotion, the

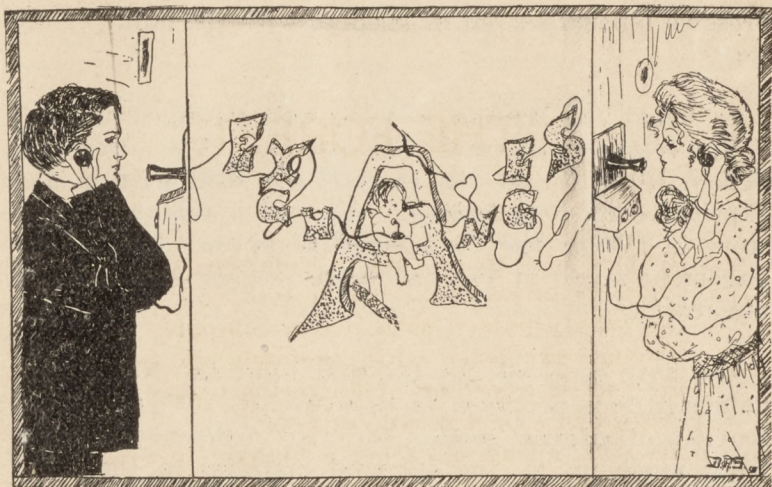
corners of her mouth began to droop and one tear rolled slowly down her dimpled cheek. Her companion, catching sight of it, felt an unpleasant sensation in his throat and a wave of affection for the girl suddenly sweeping over him, he took a step toward her, and an arm stole around her neck, while a humble voice said, "I guess we were both right, Helen. You think your way and I'll think mine." A sweet face was upturned at that moment and another humble voice said, "I dess that will be all right, Albert." For Albert was only eight years old and Helen only six. The quarrel had been slight, for it had arisen when Albert had insisted that a mule was a mule, and Helen had just as stoutly declared that it was a donkey.

The sun wisely put aside its frown and cast its golden rays down upon two happy hearts.



THE FOREST.

I know of a place that is wondrous fair!
O, its beauties can never be told!
No kingly palace with it can compare,
Though garnished with diamonds and gold.
Its roof is a million of fluttering leaves;
All set in a background of blue;
Its soft, noiseless carpet a blanket of moss,
Mosaiced in various hue;
Its tall, stately columns define airy aisles,
That end in a cozy retreat,
From which the red ivy shyly looks out and
 smiles,
And the wild rose and maiden-hair sweet!
Bright-coated musicians fill the air with their
 song,
While soft breezes blow o'er the land,
And there steals through the forest a sigh, deep,
 and long,
Like the breath of a pipe organ grand!
O lovely retreat from the turmoil of life!
How your beauty steals into the heart!
How it sweeps down the cobwebs of malice and
 strife,
And pours balm on dark sorrow's smart!



Now that the holidays are over and we are entering a new period of school life, our work seems all the more pleasant for our short separation from it. With school came the thoughts of the school papers and, judging from the number of exchanges accumulated during vacation, the editors and business managers have not entirely forsaken their posts. Most of the papers reviewed this month are Thanksgiving numbers and the general arrangement of all impresses one with the thought that High School journalism is steadily advancing.

The Adjutant, from Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, appeared this month in a pretty blue binding. Its staff is small but unusually enterprising for the paper is one of the largest received and its literary department is exceptionally good. "The Memoirs of X. Y. Z.," a story based on the late siege of Port Arthur, is cleverly told.

The title page of the Imp. represents a Puritan, with a bible under his arm, a long, flowing cloak, and a broad hat shading a very serious, stern face. The picture is im-

pressive but rather out of keeping with the name of the paper.

As usual, the Mission, S. F., is well-arranged and full of interesting material. The poems, "The Deserted School House," and "In Doubt," are well written and expressive of deep feeling. We find a romantic little story in "When the Unexpected Happens," but the engagement scene at the end seems rather strained and unnatural.

We have received, for the first time, the Nautilus, a dainty little paper from Jacksonville, Ill. We regret the scarcity of original stories, but that deficiency is somewhat made up by the splendid material in the other departments, especially the editor's article.

The appearance of the Advocate is greatly improved by the addition of a good, strong binding.

The Clarion is well arranged, but we regret to find among its splendid articles on athletics, fraternities, and debating societies, only one story. That one is good and its creditableness creates a demand for more.

The Thanksgiving number of the Item is a great improvement on previous issues of the paper. The editorial is particularly good. "The Game," by a Football Enthusiast, and "The French Revolution," are worthy of notice; the first, for its easy and lively rhythm and the latter, for its exact and thoughtful portrayal of an epoch in history.

We are very glad to receive the Autocrat, a breezy little paper from Nobleville, Ind. Its illustrations and literary articles are very good but some criticism is due to the manner in which the stories are continued

from page to page and scattered in portions among one another so that, having read the first part it is sometimes a difficult matter to find the remainder.

The December number of the Girl's High Journal comprises eighty pages of splendid original stories, poetry, illustrations, and editorials. "The Ancient Church" is a poem unsurpassed in the realms of High School literature. "In Sunny Italy," is both interesting and instructive, its clear description being set off by several picturesque scenes of ideal Italian country life.

The big bright eyes of the bird of Wisdom stares up at us as we take up the November issue of its namesake from Fresno. "A Borrowed Reputation" is well written.

"Room 10," in the Oracle, is a remarkably original and witty story. The literary articles in this paper are all very good but we have come to the conclusion that artistic ability is not prevalent in the Oakdale High School. A few cuts would do much to enliven the somber looking pages.

The November Acorn is edited by the girls of the school and dedicated to the members of the football team. Athletic stories and poems, and a generous supply of news relating to the track team and the recent games fill the paper. Such ardent school patriotism among the girls is certainly worthy of commendation.

In addition to the exchanges mentioned, we acknowledge the receipt of the Pharos, Aegis, H. S. Review, Skirmisher, Forum, Yuba Delta, Cardinal and White, Tripod, Normal Pennant.

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Athletics.

'Tis spring, the time when all schools throughout the country are doing their utmost to further the interests of track athletics. It is the ambition of every school to turn out the sturdiest and best all-around athletes possible. It is the all around team that counts, not the individual stars. In the past, especially in the A. A. L., the team having the most individual stars, has usually won, but the constitution of the league has been so altered that the best all around team will win, as the sum of the second, third and fourth places now count more than first place. The points now are, first place, 5, second, 3, third, 2, and fourth, 1, while previously there has been no fourth place, the points counting, first 5, second, 3, and third, 1.

The season permits early training and those who get out now will have the best opportunity to make the team and even though they do not make the team they will make the greatest improvement. Many boys have the wrong impression about training, and believe that unless they can make the team there is no use of training. This idea is, without doubt, the greatest detriment to track athletics.

The most important advantage in training is the development of one's physical powers to such an extent that

Paul T. Hahman, Ph. G.

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in later life he will have acquired sufficient physical strength to be able to endure the many hard tasks with which men daily come in contact. The High School should not be only a preparatory school for the mental faculties, but also for the physical, the one being no less important than the other. If the High School boy would look into the lives of men who are succeeding today, he would find that they have been developed physically, as well as mentally in their school days. Thus, boys, get out and train for your own good, if not for the honor of the school. It is the boy who tries that succeeds, so try at least. The best men in our teams did not succeed in making the team the first or second terms but they kept on trying and made themselves the athletes they are by faithful training.

We will, without doubt, have the best team this spring, that the school has ever turned out. We will have all of last fall's team, except Purrington, with the addition of McConnell, who will add greatly to our strength. Our manager, Russ Smith, who was handicapped last fall by a dislocated knee, will be in good condition for the half and mile runs. Others who will strive to uphold the honor of their school this spring are Hitchcock, Gray, Jacobs, Macquiddy, Loughery, Dignan, Proctor, Walker, Davis, R. P. Smith, Briggs, Lockhart, Lee, Wooley, Mitchell, Wilson and many others.

We are looking forward to a trip to Stanford where we will meet the freshmen in a dual meet during latter part of February. We have anticipated this trip twice before but were unable to go the first time on account of rain and the second time on account of the death of

R. C. Moodey

Fall Styles in Shoes

Mrs. Standford. We are earnestly hoping that nothing will happen this time to prevent the trip.

We will most likely have a meet with one of the Bay county schools, probably with Oakland, some time in March. The A. A. L. will occur in April. We will send down a full team and hope to make a good showing. Then about two weeks after the A. A. L., the S. M. A. A. L., which is composed of Ukiah, Healdsburg, Petaluma and Santa Rosa, will take place at either Ukiah or Petaluma. It's up to us to win this time, and we can do so if you boys will only get out and help us.

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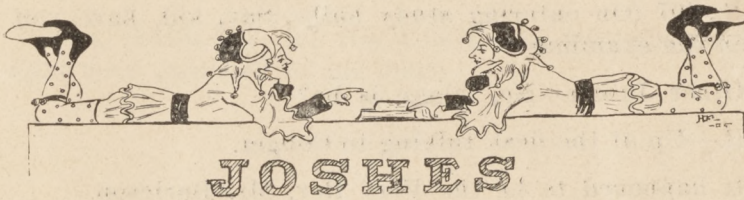
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Mayme ((New Year's eve)—Where is my big sister.
Swede—Never mind my big sister.

Miss Young (Phy. 11a)—What are the irregular raised
portions of the brain?
E.—Convulsions (convolutions).

Mr. Searcy--Now put your eye where you want it.

Mr. Cox (Telephoning)—Hello! Oh! Is that you? Why,
I'm glad to see you.

Hazel stumbles on staircase making horrible noise.
Mr. C. (in Hist.)—Her feet don's fit her I guess.

Mr. Cox (Hist. VII)—A small boy delights in getting
a policeman after him in a large field. He knows he
can run faster and jump fences quicker and its lots of
fun to see the Policeman run.

Class (Laughter.)

Mr. Cox—I know.

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R., '07 (On entering study hall)—Say, kid, have you seen the examiner?

Other Junior—No, where is he?

R.—Up at the desk talking to Conger.

It happened to be the Very Rev. Mr. Burleson.

Mr. Conger—By those laws, if a man killed you, you could turn around and kill him.

Mr. Cox—Some time ago I had great difficulty in finding the "Big Dipper." Finally I found it out here behind a tree.

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COR. FOURTH AND A STS.

Buzz. (Latin II.)—All the women who were too old to fight were gathered in one place.

A law in Physics—The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.—Ex.

“Shall I brain him?” cried the hazer
And the victim's courage fled.
“You can't; he is a freshman,
Just hit him on the head.”—Ex.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it's bad on one's marks.—Ex.

Do you hear the ocean groaning,
Ever groaning, soft and low?
'Tis because some fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.—Ex.

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Little Girl (entering store)—Ain't you got no aigs?

Grocer—I ain't said I ain't.

Little Girl—I ain't ast you is you ain't; I ast you ain't you is, is you?—Ex.

Little lines of Latin,
 Little feet to scan,
 Make the mighty Vergil
 And the crazy man.—Ex.

First Soph.—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?

Second Soph.—Yes.

Get an answer?

Yes, I telegraphed, "where is the money I wrote for," and his answer was "In my inside pocket."—Ex.

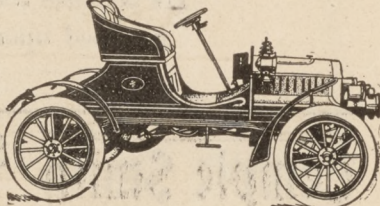
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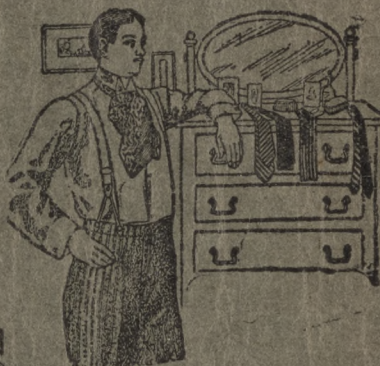
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